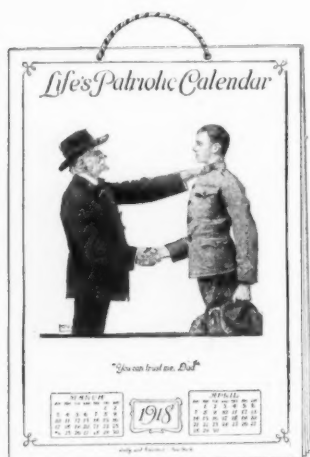


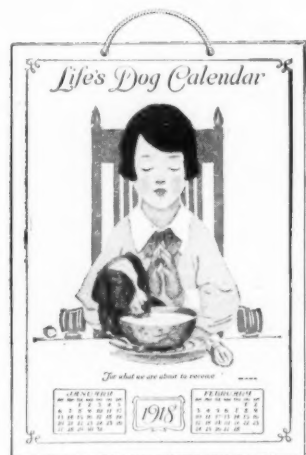


WHERE TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE



Life's

Calendars
for
1918



There Never Was a Time

In the history of the world when counting every day is such a necessity as it is now. Every day brings us nearer to the end of the war. Every day, if it means an added personal sacrifice, means also another step toward Peace and universal brotherhood. A Life calendar in the home is a constant reminder that the Liberty of the world is constantly drawing nearer.

Thousands of homes throughout America testify each year to the beauty and usefulness of LIFE'S Calendars. The two Calendars, reproduced above in miniature, are handsomely printed in colors, and tied together with a heavy cord and tassel. Each Calendar put up in an art box, size 12½ x 15½. Sent carriage prepaid to any United States address upon receipt of One Dollar. As the edition is limited and these Calendars are highly popular as Christmas Gifts, you should place your order at once, forwarding with it your remittance for the proper amount.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street
New York

Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?



Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera



Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera



Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera



Arthur Middleton
of the Metropolitan Opera



Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected*. In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off

and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

A ROYAL GIFT It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for the acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul."

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration of the New Edison. He advertises in your local papers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.



Dear Santa Claus:

Somehow I can't write the kind of a letter to you that I want to this Christmas. I've tried and tried and tried, but nothing seems to suit me. I really don't want you to send me much this year, Santa. Because, somehow, when I think of all these babies in France and all the poor war children all over, I just really can't. Maybe when the Christmas Number of LIFE comes out next week I'll feel better.

Ever your friend,

Dot.

There is only one

Life

to read. That is the great double Christmas Number, coming next week, and the others which will follow it every Tuesday for the next fifty-two weeks, at a cost to regular subscribers of—(See the atrocious coupon below).

The Christmas Number is included in subscriptions that commence December 1st.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 18

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Happy Russia

A decree of the Kerensky government permits ballet girls to enter the learned professions.

—Petrograd despatch.

OLGA VASHTOLISKA

Used to be the rage:
Clad in tights, she danced o' nights
On a Moscow stage.
Now she's teaching Sanskrit
To the Russian free!
Work were naught if Olga taught
(So it seems to me).

Sonia Fedorkin,
Toast of Petrograd,
Nightly rose on sprightly toes,
Making thousands glad.
She is now a doctor,
Made so by decree;
I'd be ill with right good will
If she'd doctor me!

Tatiana Riskoff,
Fair of form and face,
Leading fay of Russ ballet,
Queen of airy grace,
Holds a lawyer's shingle!
And although she be
Far from wise, she has blue eyes—
She can counsel me!

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Alleviations

WOMAN suffrage!
In the State of New York!!
What are the likeliest forms of alleviation?
Monasteries?

How curious it was that this extraordinary thing should have happened on the immediate morrow of an unprecedented rise in the price of drinks!

DOCTOR: Your throat is in a very bad state. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?

SKIPPER: Yes, I've been torpedoed six times.—*Punch*.



"THANK GOODNESS, BABY'S BEEN QUIET FOR THREE MINUTES"



"Hey, Tom— Tom Sawyer!"

DOWN the centuries will ring that one small boy's cry. To the laughter and tears of men and women—of small boys and girls—it has rung around the world.

You who have laughed so often at Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer—have you ever stopped to think how much of serious thought Mark Twain has put into these books? How much of himself—of his own boyhood—he has put into ragged, mixed-up, lovable Huck Finn—into irresistible Tom Sawyer.

For Mark Twain was just such a boy himself. A poor boy on the Mississippi—full of mischief, hope and fear.

And—Mark Twain walked with the kings of the earth—kings crowned and uncrowned—kings of empires—of letters—of art.

That poor, small, Mississippi River boy "walked such a broad and brilliant highway, with flags flying, and crowds following after." And still the crowds follow—still he is loved—no, worshipped in the far ends of the earth; and in our own littlest village and farm—sophisticated Fifth Avenue and simple country school-boy meet on common ground in

MARK TWAIN

Last Chance for the Low Price
Send Coupon at once!

We have been very glad and proud for these many years to be able to offer you Mark Twain's Works, well bound, well-printed, and altogether well made, at a low price. And it is with deep regret that we find we must discontinue that offer.

The price of paper, of cloth, of everything that goes into the making of books, has climbed to unheard-of heights. We should have raised the price of these books long ago, but for Mark Twain's sake we kept the low price as long as possible. The last paper that we could get at a reasonable price is about to be used up.

If there are any more sets made they will have to be made at a higher price. Don't wait. Get your set now.

One day last Christmas, three thousand orders for Mark Twain lay on one desk waiting to be filled. When orders come in at the rate of three thousand a day, the one who waits until the last moment gets nothing.

We have shipped sets to China and Japan—to Australia and Turkey—to Norway and Spain—to the Gold Coast in South Africa and to the Argentine—for Mark Twain has been translated into more languages than any other American.

Send the coupon now and get your set at the low price before it is too late.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Franklin Sq., N.Y.

Send me, all charges prepaid, Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$2.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.
Life 11-20-17

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

For our red half-leather edition change coupon to \$2.50 within 5 days and \$1.00 a month for 20 months.



The new Packard Landulet, seven passengers

Within lies beauty

Buried in the rough block of marble lies all the wonder of the finished statue.

Who—who will reveal it?

The unskilled sculptor will get only indifferent results. But *the master* with his adroit chisel will bring forth beauty.

The worth of the work depends upon the skill of the worker.

Now, an automobile is just Nature's raw material—plus man's labor.

Would you rather have that material

converted into an automobile for you by indifferent workers—or by Packard, builder of more high grade motor carriages than any other maker?

By Packard—creator of a world masterpiece in this new Twin Six!

Skilled brains and hands have formed this thing of beauty.

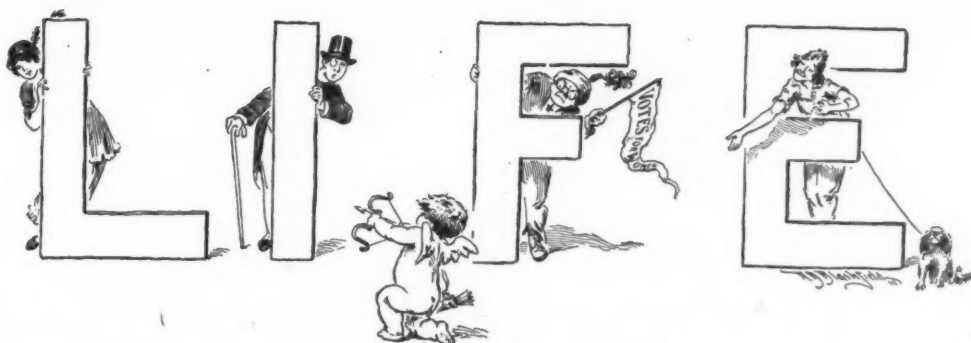
And the same persistency which has made the Packard a great and beautiful car, brings the highest measure of value to the purchaser.

Seventeen distinctive body styles in open and enclosed cars in the Third Series Twin Six—3-25 and 3-35

A s k t h e m a n w h o o w n s o n e

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Packard
TWIN-6



The Housewife's Glee

A BOON the soldiers are to me,
With joy to them I send
Old magazines and books, you see,
And papers without end.

This "Care of Children" I can spare,
And just as well as not
They can have that old Bible there—
That fine-print polygot.

Then here is "Hints for Losing
Weight";
And now—just let me see—
Yes, I'll send "Bridge Rules Up-to-
date";
The date is '93.

Oh, here's a row of funny books.
Well, I won't touch that shelf;
They're full of stories, by their
looks,
I'd like to read myself.

Here are some records, old, I know,
But they'll like any song;
And these nice games must surely
go—
Tiddledy-winks, ping-pong.

These playing-cards will make them
glad!
They're sticky, I'm afraid—
But in our club we've always had
Caramels while we played.

There! I've worked hard those boys
to please.
You see, I hate to knit,
And so I send such things as these,
And feel I've done my bit!

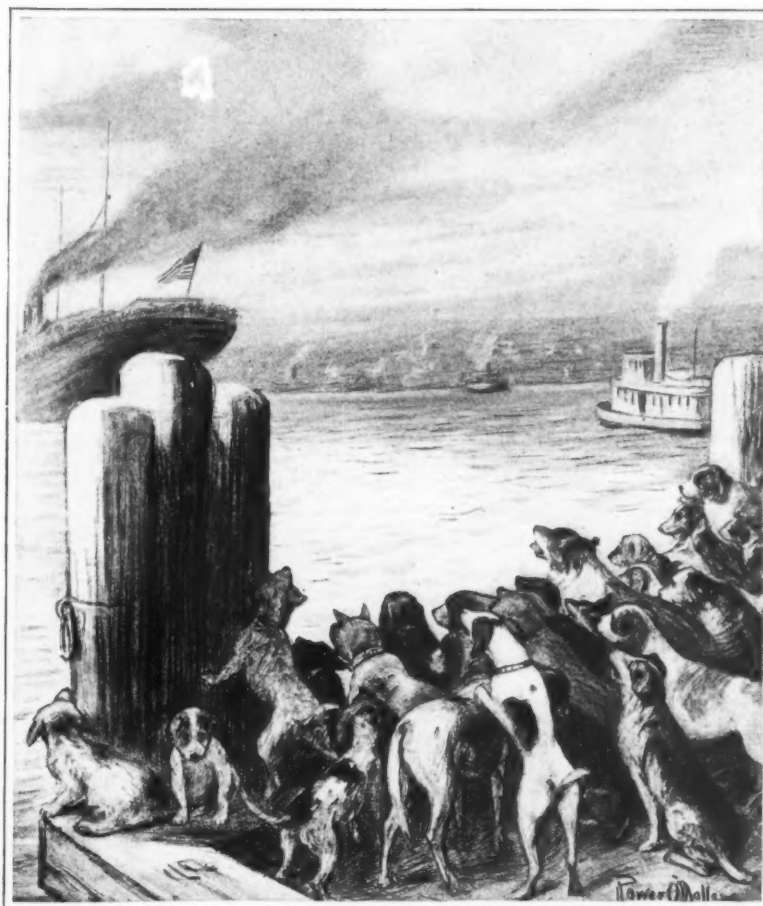
Carolyn Wells.

Via Sayville

BERLIN, Nov. 27, 1917.—Charging
God with treacherous violation of
his treaty alliances, Kaiser Wilhelm de-
clared war on heaven to-day.

The Usual Place

DON'T cry, little boy. You'll get
your reward in the end."
"I s'pose so. That's where I allus
do git it."



"GOOD-BYE!"

Hobson's Choice

(Scene—The domestic establishment of the Hobsons. Time—Breakfast. Mrs. Hobson seated. Enter Hobson.)

HOBSON: I had no idea this food question was so serious. Man came around to my office yesterday and explained it; got me to sign a pledge. Have they been here?

MRS. HOBSON: Oh, certainly.

HOBSON (glancing over the table critically): Do you cut your own bread on the table?

MRS. HOBSON: Well, I suppose we ought.

HOBSON: I should think so. What's this?—chops! Why, you mustn't have chops.

MRS. HOBSON: I only got one for you, dear.

HOBSON: Well, cut 'em out. We must get down on a war basis. Here! I've made out a schedule. After this no sugar.

MRS. HOBSON: Not one lump?

HOBSON: Well, no more than one lump. Only one slice of bread per person for each meal. Two wheatless days, five meatless days, no more desserts (waving paper). Do you agree?

MRS. HOBSON (glancing it over): I am practically doing all I can now, dear, but we mustn't carry the thing too far.

HOBSON (sternly): Yes, we must. We must starve or be invaded by Germany. Do you agree?

MRS. HOBSON (solemnly, impressed by her husband's tragic and evidently sincere manner): I do.

(They part with genuine manifestations of patriotic enthusiasm, and Hobson goes to business. After a hard morning's work, he goes out to luncheon with a coterie of congenial spirits.)

HOBSON: Well, fellows, what shall we have?

FIRST CONGENIAL SPIRIT: You set the pace.

HOBSON (to waiter): Bring me half a dozen oysters, a slice of rare roast beef with Bermuda potatoes, a salad with plenty of French dressing, a large cup of coffee with cream and a *biscuit glacé*.

SECOND CONGENIAL SPIRIT: My, old man, but you are going it strong!

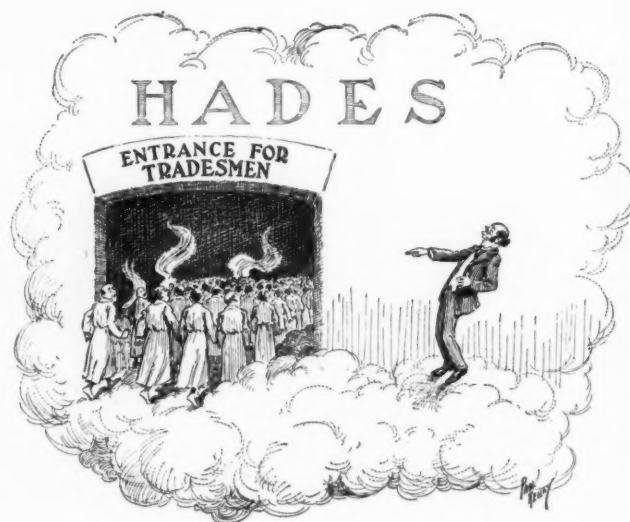
HOBSON: My dear fellow, I have to. It's the only way I can keep up the pace. At home my wife starves me to death.

T. L. M.

Bucolic Climaxes

THE farmers of the country should be superlatively satisfied, to judge by the following facts:

1. They have received the highest prices in history for their products.
2. They have been favored with the greatest number of industrial exemptions from the draft.
3. They are required to make the lowest returns of any class under the Income Tax and the War Bill.
4. They bought the least number of Liberty Bonds of any group in the country.



DREAM OF AN ULTIMATE CONSUMER AFTER RECEIVING THE BUTCHER'S BILL

The Test

"SHE'S an extremely bright and clever woman, isn't she?"

"The brightest and cleverest I have ever met. After you have been with her half an hour you never want to see her again."



Mr. Peck: GOOD-BYE, AGNES. DON'T BE TOO SEVERE WITH THE ENEMY, WILL YOU?



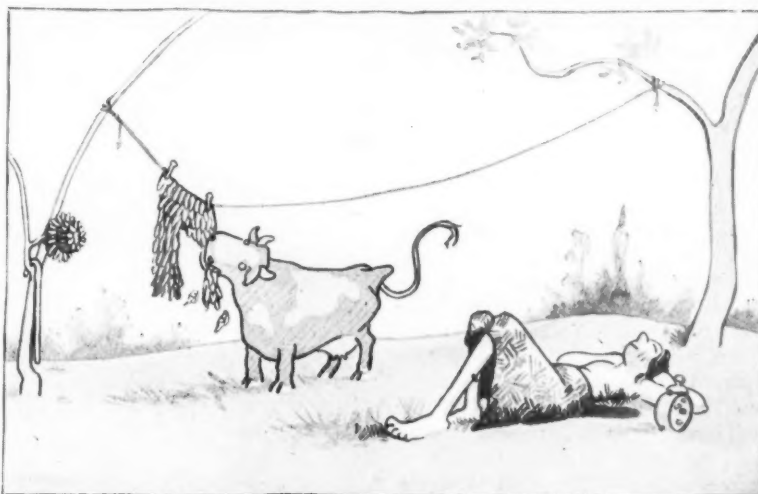
"AND WHO ARE THOSE LOW-SPIRITED SHADES STEWING IN THAT VAT OF FIERY ALCOHOL?"
 "RECENT GOVERNMENT CONSIGNMENTS. THEIR NAMES ARE ABSINTHE, VODKA AND
 JOHN BARLEYCORN."

Make-up of the Average Russian

(Judging from Petrograd despatches)

C ONCEIT	8
Whiskers	12
Childishness	10
Hot air	5
Superstition	15
Gullibility	8
Dirt	7
Impracticability	7
Ignorance	16
Wildness	12

100



"WHAT makes you think equal suffrage would benefit your wife?"

"It would force her to make up her mind on something at least once a year."

THEY WERE ALL GOOD JUDGES OF CLOTHING IN ADAM'S DAY



THE ROGUES' MARCH

A Slight Difference of Opinion

(A Tragedy in One Act)

A branch of the W. C. T. U. somewhere in Massachusetts recently passed a resolution condemning the sending of tobacco to our soldiers on the ground that its use is injurious to the health and spirit of the soldier, and suggesting that books be substituted for gifts of tobacco.

The Scene: Mrs. Greene's living-room.

The Time: Now.

Persons: Mrs. Smythe of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Broun of the W. C. T. U. and Mrs. Greene of the W. C. T. U.

MRS. GREENE (*presiding at the tea table*): I feel very strongly on the subject of sending tobacco to our boys in the trenches. We must take action on this matter at the meeting to-morrow. Mrs. Smythe, will you have lemon or milk in your tea?

MRS. SMYTHE: Oh, lemon, my dear! Don't you think that tea is much more restful with lemon than with milk?

MRS. BROUN: Absolutely, my dear! And I'm upset for the entire day if I can't have it prepared exactly as I wish it. Two lumps for me, my dear Mrs. Greene. And do tell us just what you want done about this nasty tobacco business!

MRS. GREENE (*sipping her tea avidly*): Just this, my dear: we must take action to prevent any tobacco being sent to any of our soldiers, no matter where they are. It is nothing but a habit—a nasty, filthy habit; and, as we well know, it is fearfully injurious to the health and spirit.

MRS. SMYTHE (*stirring her tea absently*): I read in the paper the other day about an old woman in Kentucky who had lived one hundred and seven years. She had smoked a pipe constantly since her eighteenth birthday; and she told the reporter that it was the only thing that kept her alive. When asked what she would like to do more than anything else in the world,



WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

BEFORE MARRIAGE

AFTER MARRIAGE



ART, THE HANDMAIDEN OF PATRIOTISM

she replied that she would like to get just one crack at the Kaiser with a rolling-pin.

MRS. BROWN (*coldly*): How perfectly low and absurd! Everybody knows that the tobacco habit is filthy and injurious. It is simply sickening to think of our thousands of young men being deliberately encouraged to stunt their growth and stain their fingers with the filthy weed, and to think of them standing in nice, clean trenches and spitting tobacco juice right where someone may have to walk in a short time! Pah!

MRS. SMYTHE: But if it's such a nasty, filthy habit and so injurious to the health, why is it that so many of our very best doctors and surgeons smoke cigars and cigarettes? And it can't be very bad for the spirit if General Grant smoked all the time, and Mark Twain, and so many others.

MRS. GREENE (*pouring herself another cup of tea*): Why, Abigail Smythe! I never heard such talk! Everybody knows that smoking is simply vile in every way! Our society stands for temperance; and we would be false to our trust if we didn't do everything within our power to put an end to such a reprehensible habit.

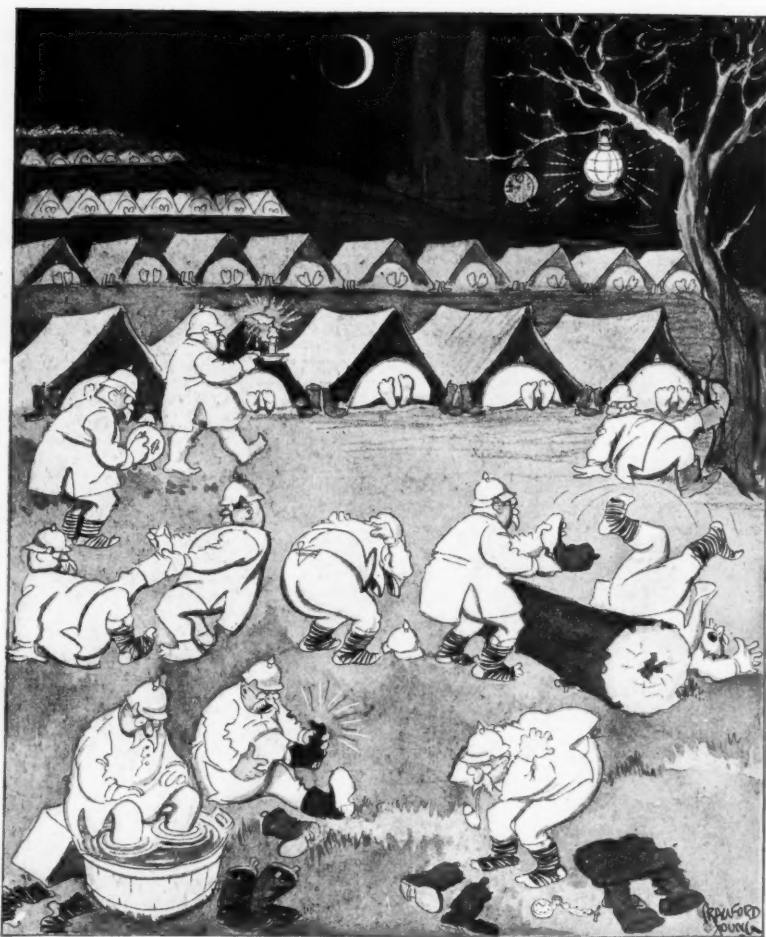
MRS. SMYTHE (*placing her teacup on the table with a bang*): But, Mary, at least ninety per cent. of the men in our army are smokers! All they ask for when they write home is cigarettes. They say that cigarettes rest their nerves and enable them to put up with many discomforts. How would you feel if some strange man should refuse to let you have any tea, and should say that tea-drinking was a nasty, filthy habit, ruinous to the health and spirit?

MRS. BROWN (*excitedly dropping another lump of sugar in her tea*): Good heavens, Abigail! How dare you intimate that tea-drinking is an injurious habit? Do you wish to insult us?

MRS. GREENE (*haughtily*): Explain yourself, Abigail!

MRS. SMYTHE: But it is unhealthful, if carried to excess! People have gone crazy from constant drinking of tea that was allowed to steep for days and days on the back of the stove! Ask any doctor!

MRS. GREENE (*very distantly*): I consider your opinions radical, unjust and insulting!



AUNT PRUDELLA'S IDEA OF THE GERMAN ARMY RETIRING BEFORE THE ALLIES

MRS. SMYTHE (*hopelessly*): Well, I'm afraid that I must be running along. I *knew* it wouldn't do any good to say anything!

(Exit Mrs. SMYTHE.)

MRS. GREENE: Well, of *all* things! She must be demented! We must hurry around and get enough votes so that we will be officially able to condemn the sending of tobacco to our army. It would be terrible for a Temperance Union not to be able to register its disapproval of such a vile habit. Just one more cup of tea, my dear?

MRS. BROWN (*willingly*): Just one more, my dear. Thanks so much! You mustn't worry about the vote on tobacco. Everyone will vote with us. Who cares what the soldiers want,

anyway? We have our reputation to sustain!

(*Narrow, dark curtain.*)

Kenneth L. Roberts.

The Country Would Be Safe

FIRST BOARDER: It would be rather unfortunate if anything happened to Hoover just now, wouldn't it?

SECOND BOARDER: Oh, I don't know. I have an idea that our landlady could fill his place and give him cards and spades.

Dinner in the Trenches

FIRST SOLDIER: Hear that shell whistling!

SECOND SOLDIER: Yes, music with your meals!



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE UNEXPECTED RETURN OF YE LORD AND LADYE

Pity Poor Braithwaite!

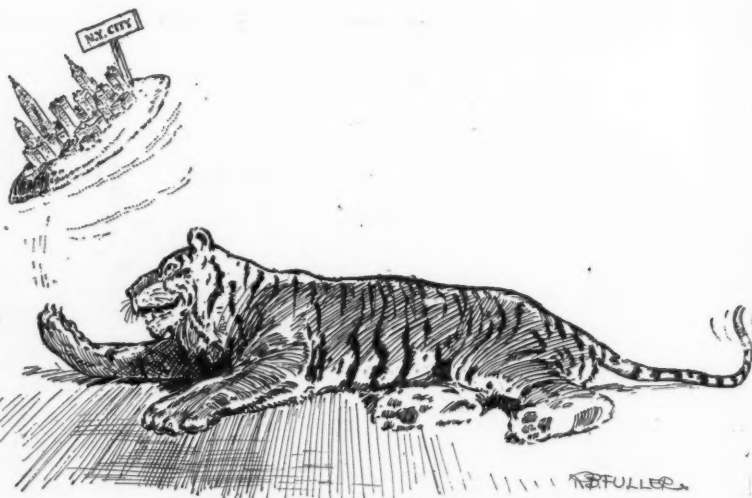
EVERY year a hardy gentleman named Braithwaite, who, we understand, lives near Boston, makes an announcement that sends a thrill over the length and breadth of the American continent. By a system of awards based on calculations which we shall not attempt to explain—for we understand not a thing about them—Braithwaite tells us who is the best poet of the year, or, as he puts it, the most "distinctive."

This year Braithwaite has evidently had a hard job of it, owing to the increased "output," as they say in commercial circles. Many new poets have arisen. Many things must be considered. There is the matter of form and expression and, of course, rhythm.

"There are," says our friend, "of course centralized forces, but there are forces of individual power, rather than propinquity of ideals."

Braithwaite keeps tab on all poems that are printed, and reads them for their tone values and other things. Then he judges them according to a scale of percentages. This year the award has gone to John Hall Wheelock. We have never heard of Mr. Wheelock before, but that is nothing against him. We have no doubt, in spite of what Braithwaite says of him, that he is a fairly decent poet.

In the meantime, what is going to happen to Braithwaite if he keeps on reading American poetry year after year? What will be his mental condition? We may mention that he has already been doing this now for several years.



HIS NEW PLAYTHING

How Wifey Looked at It

TO THE EXEMPTION BOARD, DRAFT BOARD OR ANY OLD BOARD THAT IT MAY CONCERN:

I understand that my husband, John Jones, has claimed exemption on account of having dependents. He has dependents. I know of two saloons that are dependent upon him, and so is another place, where the click of the billiard ball is sweet music to his ears. Still, I think that they can worry along without him.

HIS WIFE.



G stands for Gott. He iss mit Uns. You could be Sure He iss Helping the Huns. Gott mit the U-Boat and Gott mit the Zepp—Gott iss mit Deutschland in every step.



H stands for Hate. Pass it Around. Lift up your Voices and Live on the Sound. If you have nothing to eat on your Plate, You should be Happy to live upon Hate.



I ss for Idiot. Give him a Sword, Send him to Battle, and Trust in the Lord. If he comes Home again covered with Shame, Then you have only his Generals to Blame.



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 26

MRS. WILLOWBY REALIZES THAT COACHING IS QUITE AN ATHLETIC SPORT

A Blow at Liberty

Cheese, with pie, five cents extra.

—From a recent menu in a New York hotel.

THIS comes very near being the last indignity. For generations the American people have eaten cheese with pie. Pie without cheese—and especially apple pie—is something quite unheard of in the history of pie-ishprudence. The two are united by the solemn bonds of tradition. To separate them now by imposing a tax for the cheese is a blow at American freedom.

Charge more for the pie, if you will, but do not insult American manhood by assuming that anyone would think of having pie without cheese.

MRS. BROWN: How do you manage to have such delicious meats?

MRS. JONES: Well, I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him.

MRS. BROWN: You mean that you give him all your trade?

MRS. JONES: No; I mean I stand by him while he is cutting the meat.



Judge: VAGRANCY? SLEEPING ON A PARK BENCH, EH? HOW DO YOU KNOW HE WAS SLEEPING?

"WELL, ER—YER HONOR, HE HAD HIS EYES SHUT."

"DISCHARGED! NEVER SAW A MOUSE WITH HIS EYES SHUT IN MY LIFE. NEXT!"

The Greatest Invention



THE four star-members of the Association for the Invention of Devices for Saving the Fatherland were hard at work over their desks; and no sound broke the stillness of their secluded office, except the gritting of teeth as they strove to inject as much hate as possible into their thoughts.

Suddenly the door opened to admit the president of the association and a group of staff officers, each one of whom was decorated with no less than seventeen pounds of gold braid. Foremost among the officers was the great General von Liederkranz, who had achieved fame in a single day by cutting off the ears of an Alsatian peasant who had been

guilty of owning a dog that splashed mud on the general's newly polished boots.

"Gentlemen," said the president proudly, as the four inventors rose from their desks with enthusiastic shouts of "Hoch! Hoch!" and "Gott mit uns!" "gentlemen, will you be kind enough to describe to our distinguished visitors the nature of the inventions on which you are at work? No false modesty, now!"

A tall, confident-looking inventor bowed low before the august visitants. "Excellencies," said he eagerly, "I am just completing the specifications for a new form of substitute bread, which will greatly relieve the sufferings of our lower classes and at the same time save a large amount of money, which can be devoted to government purposes. This bread is made of powdered seaweed, granulated oak bark, prepared dandelion greens and fermented corn-stalks. It is nourishing and tasty, and will be a most important invention."

General von Liederkranz growled hoarsely and incoherently beneath his walrus-like mustache, while the staff officers stared at the windows or the ceiling with varying degrees of boredom. It was evident that their interest in relieving the sufferings of the lower classes was considerably less than negligible.

A second inventor snapped his hand to his forehead in a military salute, and addressed the officers in staccato tones.

"My latest plans," he declared, "call for a complete system of defense for abandoned trenches. On the wall of each dugout in trenches from which our soldiers withdraw must be two photographs of beautiful women. When the vile English enter these dugouts and attempt to remove the pictures, according to their dishonorable custom, a bomb concealed behind each picture blows them to pieces. To every ten yards of trench must be planted a large bear-trap with spiked teeth. When the English enter, the traps close on their legs, lacerating them severely. The closing of the trap sets in action a device connected with a hidden mine. The cries of the caught soldiers cause their comrades to approach them and attempt to free them. While they are doing so, the hidden mines explode, tearing everyone to bits."

A murmur of appreciation rose from the staff officers, who were obviously impressed by this clever invention.

As the murmur died away, the third inventor stepped forward reluctantly.

"My scheme," he stated diffidently, "enables us to load a torpedo with a large number of very small contact mines so arranged within it that when the torpedo explodes against a ship's side, they are thrown many yards away from the ship and then propelled crescent-wise around it, until it lies in the centre of a complete circle of contact mines."

"The charge in the torpedo has been made too light to sink the ship; but the passengers and crew, in their fear, at once take to the boats. A few moments later the boats encounter the contact mines. Bing! They sink without a trace; and the ship is ours, undamaged!"

The staff officers applauded the third inventor's speech with unwonted enthusiasm. When their excitement had subsided they turned to the fourth inventor, who was a small, weak-looking individual with a wobbly chin. One could see that nothing was expected from him. Several of the officers, General von Liederkranz included, smiled contemptuously.

"Y-you know," he stammered, disregarding their supercilious glances, "that all hospitals exude the odor of formaldehyde, d-do you not? Well, I have invented an aerial bomb, to be dropped from an airplane. It is violently affected by the odor of formaldehyde. The slightest trace of it in the air causes the bomb to alter its course and head straight for the source of the odor. If one of these bombs be dropped two miles above a hospital, it is absolutely sure of hitting it; for the odor of formaldehyde cannot be eliminated from such an institution. Once our planes have been equipped with this weapon, we shall be able to destroy every hospital in France and England within one month's time."

As the fourth inventor finished speaking, the staff officers burst into wild cheers; and the usually undemonstrative General von Liederkranz rushed forward and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Dear chap!" he shouted, "what a magnificent, colossal invention! It will prove to be the turning point of the war! I shall telegraph the Kaiser to-night, urging him to reward you with a third of a dozen iron crosses!"

The cheering lasted nineteen minutes. Even a Prussian officer can be human when the occasion demands it.



SUCCESS — AND FAILURE



King Solomon: REMEMBER, SLAVE, THY DUTY IS TO REMIND ME OF THE ANNIVERSARIES OF MY WEDDINGS, LEST MY WIVES SHOULD, PERCHANCE, THINK ME NEGLECTFUL.
 "PERMIT ME, O KING, TO SUGGEST INSTALLING A CARD-INDEX SYSTEM."



NOVEMBER 29, 1917

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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A GENTLEMAN who said on Saturday, the 17th of November, that it was the darkest day of the war, may have felt better on Sunday morning, or may since then have experienced a day still darker, but it was one of the days on which an observant person with a disposition to take the war despondently might find facts and prospects a-plenty to back his mood. Anybody who thinks things are all going to pot, and furnishes reasons for thinking so, is hard to meet, because of the limitation and uncertainty of war information. Anyone who has, or thinks he has, private advices that are different from what one reads in the paper is particularly hard to meet, except by offers of counter-information of the same private sort. We get the war news, particularly the political end of it, in great moderation. The newspapers seem to tell us what is happening at the various fronts, and who is on top, for the moment, in Petrograd or Moscow, and what Lloyd George says, and what Northcliffe says, but we know the censor is not on the job for nothing, and sometimes, when pessimists assail us, we wonder for the moment how much we are being told, and whether there is anyone who "really knows" what is going on.

What makes this time of writing seem to some persons the darkest period so far of the war is, of course, the Russian collapse and the Italian

disaster. With these serious disfigurements for a basis, it is possible to conclude that the many-headed Allies are not a match at war-planning for the more unified Teutons, and that the Germans have more cards up their sleeve than the Allies can reckon with. With this start, Pessimism, when it gets into its stride, sees a bug-a-boo in Japan, and a dozen more in Washington, London and Paris, and even when it does not throw up its hands, predicts a big shake-down and reorganization of everybody, before the beating of the Germans can prosper as it should.



AND something like that may come very promptly out of the labors of the Allied War Council in Paris. Lloyd George says it *must* come or he will ask to be relieved of his responsibilities. Northcliffe, fresh from his long visit here, tells the British premier that if the Allies don't do better, "the United States will rightly take into its own hands the entire management of a great part of the war." The Americans, he intimates, won't stand it to see their good money and the lives of their good young men go for nothing.

Probably not, though the Americans have not said they wouldn't, and Lord Northcliffe is not their spokesman. "I know how to get peace," said our spokesman the other day at Buffalo, but

that was not a demand to manage the war, but merely the expression of a resolve to fight it through. And in the cabled message which, at this writing, the President is reported to have sent to Colonel House, he asks, not for the management of the war, but for "unity of plan and control between all the Allies and the United States."

And that, by sending a delegation of experts to Europe, and a representative to the War Council in Paris, President Wilson has taken the best practical step to secure. How to obtain for the Allies such authoritative direction as all the Teutonic forces get from Hindenburg and the German General Staff is a difficult problem, but the war council in Paris will work at it, and if it must be solved to win the war, it will be solved.



AND in spite of Italy, and in spite of Russia, matters are not going so ill. Neither in Italy nor in Russia can the Germans win the war. They can do vast damage in Italy, but the end of the story there has not come out yet. They may capture and perhaps destroy Venice, thereby horribly abrading the feelings of civilized people, but even if they do, it will not get them ahead much. They and their friends the Turks are being hard pressed in Jerusalem, and they may destroy that, rather than let the British capture it. But if they do, it will only be another sign that the war-lords despair of conquering the world, and, facing destruction themselves, prefer to destroy whatever they cannot possess.

Russia is all up in the air. The gentlemen who try to keep us informed of what is happening there have given up Kerensky for the moment, and are looking for a new man. A new man may turn up, or Kerensky may come back, but Russia, though she is a great uncertainty and a gamble, is not dead yet, nor even out of the war.

The British are doing well in Western Asia, and that is important for its



THE GIFT

John Bull: I THINK I'LL GET BARNARD TO MAKE ONE OF LORD NELSON AND GIVE IT TO SAM AND SEE HOW HE LIKES IT

bearing on German purposes in that region. The Allies, especially the British, are doing well on the all-important Western front. And they are doing well with the submarines. The "darkest days of the war" are hard on the feelings, but the things that make them dark, bad as they are, are all matters of secondary concern. The Allies are going to win the war. The question is,

by what co-ordination of effort and authority they can win it soonest.

In one respect our country at this time is the luckiest of all the Allies. It has a government, good, barring accidents, for three years and a quarter, which cannot be changed except by revolution. Consequently there is hardly any politics in the management of our war concerns. France is full of

politics, and has just had a political upset. England is full of politics, and Lloyd George is liable to be driven out any day. But here it will be two years before anyone need give serious thought to electing a President, and meanwhile, the whole of Mr. Wilson's mind can be given to the war, and men of all parties can pull shoulder to shoulder to win it.

Politically, we are for the time being, and for some time in prospect, the most united nation in the scrap.



IT is requested that we all go light on coal.

The demands on American coal have been heavy beyond all precedent, and we are fifty million tons short of what we ought to have.

We are requested to save that fifty million tons by curbing our appetites for heat.

If we can save a hundred million tons, it will be appreciated.

Families that can cook by oil or gas are requested to do so.

An immense amount of coal can be saved if people will be content with sixty-five to sixty-eight degrees of heat in their rooms or houses, instead of running the temperature up to seventy-four, and then opening windows so as to breathe.

Furnace men who overheat houses will be seen by Mr. Garfield, the save-the-coal man. Also their employers.

It is hoped an example will be made very early in the winter of one or two dozen selected apartment house engineers who have kept their pipes hot in mild weather.

This matter of coal is serious. We should regret to have to speak of it again, but it may be necessary.

Tell your furnace man that if he overheats you you'll fire him. Then if he leaves you too cool, wear an overcoat.

If the apartment house man overheats you as much as usual complain to the police.



None So Bl



One So Blind



Meatless and Wheatless, but Far from Playless



ENRY BERNSTEIN is the first of the French dramatists to have the business shrewdness to adapt the present war to the eternal domestic triangle without which no French drama is complete. Some day, perhaps, the French people will rise in their wrath and guillotine their dramatists for giving the rest of the world to believe that the basis of every French household is a wife, a husband and a lover. That will be in the millennium when French playgoers cease giving their sympathies to the lover instead of to the husband. As it is, the French themselves are to blame for a calumny which has for its foundation only a percentage of truth.

Mr. Bernstein's shrewdness in adding a war camouflage to the triangle has secured for "L'Elévation" a long run in Paris and its importation to America as an addition to the repertory of Grace George. Throwing the halo of this war's heroism about the lover, and making it provide complete absolution for him and the erring wife, seems to have made a curious appeal to Parisian patriotism.

THE plot of "L'Elévation" may be briefly summarized thus:

ACT I

The Wife. I confess it. I love him—because he is a soldier of France.

The Husband. I do not forgive you. But there must be no scandal. We will continue to live together—because he is a soldier of France.

ACT II

The Wife. I must leave you and go to him because he has been seriously wounded, fighting—as a soldier of France.

The Husband. Very well then. Go to him. But only because he is—a soldier of France.

ACT III

The Lover. But why have you left him and come to me?

The Wife. Because he was only my husband and you are—a soldier of France.

From this it will be seen how Mr. Bernstein has utilized the war to give a new twist to the old triangle. But we are not yet prepared to believe that war can turn an erring wife into a saint, a self-respecting husband into a complaisant one and a boulevard *roué* into a Chevalier Bayard.

The play is admirably acted, with Grace George compelling sympathy for an undeserving heroine, Mr. Atwill making the lover almost plausible and Mr. Holbrook Blinn giving the husband a force and dignity that save him from ridicule or contempt.

There is a bit of truthful satire in "L'Elévation." This is the picturing of the silly women who, in spite of the war, still think dress the most important thing in the world.



"THIS BEING A REGIMENTAL MASCOT IS GREAT. WHY, THERE'S OVER TWO THOUSAND MEN IN OUR REGIMENT, AND THEY ALL TRY TO FEED ME EVERY DAY."

IN "The Three Bears" Mr. Carpenter's story only touches enough on the nursery tale that gives the play its title to let it point the girlish simplicity of the heroine, prettily acted by Ann Murdock. If the three men who are the bears in the play could have been chosen with more regard to the "big, middle and little" of the tale, some of the lines would have been more pointed and the interest increased by the contrast. As it is, considerable attention is scattered in the attempt to fit the allusions to the characters.

"The Three Bears" is agreeable, but thin, and not calculated to reverberate in a theatrical season of continual smashes.



RECALLING a number of farces of the same general description, imported and domestic, Mr. Hobart's "What's Your Husband Doing?" gives us a couple of gay young husbands and their suspicious wives with not unfamiliar restaurant complications involving other ladies and a mix-up with the authorities recalling vaguely that classic, "The Magistrate." A new turn is given to the fun by its location in the modern form of the robbers' den called a road-house and frequented by automobile parties. The cast is well chosen with regard to

the material, Messrs Hale Hamilton and Jed Prouty, as the erring husbands, showing themselves to be able fun-makers.

NOT as reminiscent in plot, and delightful in setting and acting, is "Losing Eloise," which brings together Lucile Watson, Violet Heming and Messrs. Charles Cherry, Francis Byrne and Charles Harbury. Farce material is here handled by author and artists in excellent spirit, and with the result that the audience is continually running the gamut from smiles to laughter. The basis of the fun is an elopement, personally conducted by the husband. His efforts are directed to securing fair play for his wife, in which he is aided by the jilted fiancée of the would-be Lothario. Various ingeniously contrived situations are the outcome of this procedure, but the characters are re-shuffled at the end, with the usual happy resolution of the difficulties. Lucile Watson and Mr. Charles Cherry are at their best.

"Losing Eloise" is a mighty good war antidote.



MR. VICTOR HERBERT is a lover of the musical forms that ante-date rag-time, but in "Her Regiment" he has yielded to the popular craze to the point of writing one of the principal numbers in this musical slang. In his hands it loses some of the aroma of the cabaret and dance-hall, but "The American Serenade," as it is called, is not beyond appreciation even in those resorts. The rest of the score is in popular vein, but marked by Mr. Herbert's musicianly methods.

Dancing is not overdone in "Her Regiment," as might be expected with the name of Mr. Donald Brian as star.

"Her Regiment" has the satisfying flavor of other and better days, and the touch of rag-time brings it up-to-date.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"The Very Idea." Practical eugenics made laughable in well played farce.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Farcical comedy, amusing and well staged, giving Ina Claire a chance to make good as a character actress.

Bijou.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." Notice later.

Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Impersonation of the two important characters by the star in an interesting drama of London life.

Broadhurst.—"Her Regiment" with Mr. Donald Brian. See above.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Frivolous but diverting girl-and-music show on a small scale.

Century.—"Miss 1917." Elaborate and gorgeous girl-and-music show in which the quantity of entertainment rises superior to the quality.

Cohan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Highly amusing and well acted farcical comedy.

Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein. Notice later.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players in four new playlets. The usual layers of the serious and frivolous, with the bill not quite up to the standard of the organization.

Cort.—"De Luxe Annie." Melodramatic comedy with the mystery the question of how far the heroine should be held responsible for her crimes.

Criterion.—"Mrs. Fiske in "Madame Sand," by Mr. Philip Moeller. Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." More amusing adventures of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, this time in the moving-picture business.

Empire.—"The Three Bears," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Hitchy Koo" and Mr. Raymond Hitchcock. Revised edition of the comedian's efforts with a handsome girl-and-music background.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"Over the Top." Notice later.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex" with Mr. John Drew and Margaret Illington. The fine old play in satisfactory revival.

Fulton.—"Broken Threads," by Mr. Ernest Wilkes. Interesting American melodrama, very well played.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin," by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Middle West comedy grafted on the well known fact that in all the virtues the country is superior to the city.

Garrick.—"Closed until its opening as the "Theatre du Vieux Colombier."

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. The really funny star making laughs to the accompaniment of a gorgeous girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"Losing Eloise," by Fred Jackson. See above.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Big stage, big company and big effects in the way of spectacle and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Charming little comedy of polite Bohemia, admirably presented.

Knickerbocker.—"Art and Opportunity," by Mr. Harold Chapin. Notice later.

Liberty.—"Laurette Taylor in "The Wooing of Eve," by Mr. Hartley Manners. The star charming as ever, but not fitted with the best of mediums for the display of her gifts.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." Pleasant musical play based on "The College Widow."

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Drama of the Canadian Northwest, picturesquely staged.

Lyric.—"Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." Oriental spectacle, gorgeous in scenes and setting, with striking musical accompaniment.

Marine Elliott's.—"Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Well acted drama with a distinctly novel and interesting theme.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. The inside of the fashionable dressmaking trade made into a very up-to-date and fairly interesting play.

Park.—"The Land of Joy." Spanish musical piece. Chorus girls who can really dance and a musical atmosphere novel to New York.

Playhouse.—"Grace George in Bernstein's "L'Elévation." See above.

Plymouth.—"The Star Gazer." Notice later.

Princess.—"Closed.

Republic.—"On with the Dance." Melodrama pointing out some of the notorious evils of the craze for dancing in all sorts of places.

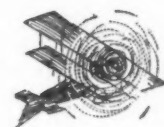
Shubert.—"Maytime." Charming musical play with a real story, and delightfully done.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"What's Your Husband Doing?" by Mr. George V. Hobart. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." One of the biggest and most gorgeously staged of the girl-and-music shows.



"HOME, JAMES!"



"IT MUST BE COOL ENOUGH UP THERE. WHY DON'T THEY SHUT OFF THEIR FAN?"

To-day and Yesterday

I LOVE To-day with all the things
To-day within my vision brings—
The gifts of Science, Letters, Art,
The vast displays upon the mart
In works of beauty and of use,
In measure lavish and profuse—
And yet I mourn those days renowned
When steak was—

7 Cents a Pound.

My forebears knew no telephone
To reach to some far distant zone,
Whereby a lover's vocal wiles
Could travel over countless miles
And take their messages of cheer
To some poor Exile's lonely ear,
And yet what sense of peace there was
With eggs at—

20 Cents a Doz.

My ancestors in ancient days
Spent weeks of travel on the ways
That now in motors of high powers
I cover in as many hours,
And yet despite their rocky road
Than mine theirs seems a lighter load
To weigh upon the human neck
With 'taters at—

10 Cents a Peck.

They knew not steam for winter's chill,
No radiator's click to thrill
The dawning hour and let them know
That warmth was come to ease their
woe,
Yet when the flames were mounting
high
Upon the hearth, with sparks a-fly,
What joy to think of Pine and Ash—
Per Cord, All Split, \$4 Cash!

American Exhibits

"WHO is this?—a group of three, as
I live! And who are they?"

"Well, as you see, they are two beautiful young women and an elderly man. Doesn't he look intelligent?"

"He surely does. I'll bet he is a great man."

"You have guessed it. He is one of the most distinguished professors of mathematics in this whole country."

"But look now—he is beginning to clutch the chair. His face is turning pale. What can be the matter with him?"

"Don't you see?—he is listening."



"YOU HAF DECEIVED DER GERMAN EMPEROR!"

"So he is. And he is, or has been, listening hard. Why, the man is quite overcome. He evidently isn't used to such hard mental exercise."

"Indeed, he is not. See that young girl on the right."

"Yes, I see her. She has a type-written paper in her hands."

"And she is reading, isn't she?"

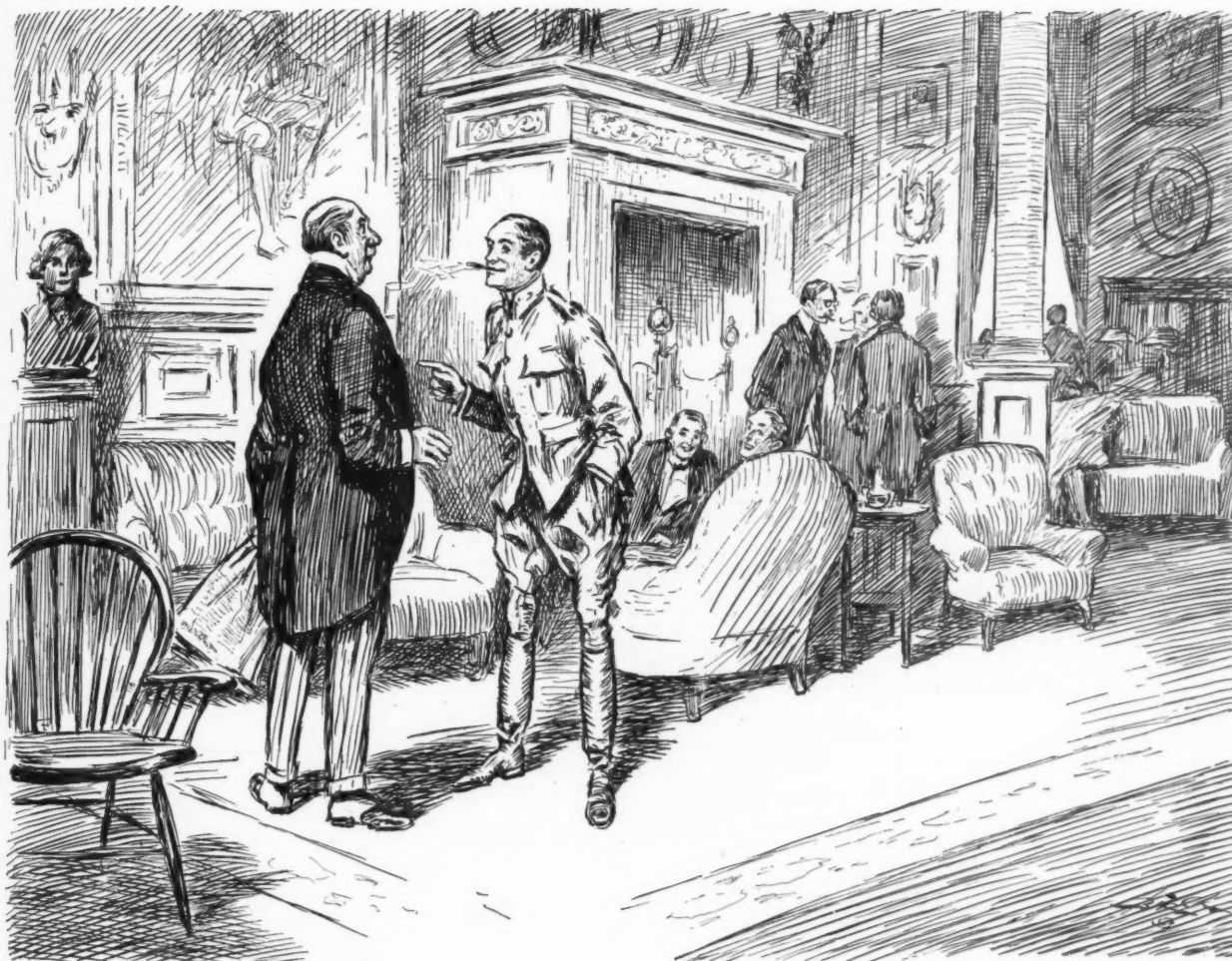
"She is. She is explaining from the paper the directions how to knit a pair

of socks. Do you wonder now what is the matter with the professor? There! He has swooned."

"Poor fellow! He ought to have known better than to have attempted to follow a thing like that!"

CHOLLY (*keeping an appointment*):
I'm a bit too early, am I not?

ETHEL (*sweetly*): Yes. We were just leaving without you!



Member of the Camouflage to Conscientious Objector: LUKEWARM, OLD TOP! COME AROUND TO OUR COMPANY SOME MORNING—WE'LL FIX YOU UP SO THAT YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A REAL AMERICAN!

Three Doors to Truth

A MAN may be educated but not have much knowledge. He may be cultured without having more than the rudiments of education. He may be cultivated because he has practiced an art.

Education has to do with the training and development of the mind. We commonly think of educated people as people who know about what is in books. Cultivation has more to do with taste. Taste is a branch of knowledge, but one may have sound and cultivated taste and still be illiterate.

Cultivation and taste may come from the practice of an art, which is a constant pursuit of what is beautiful. Still another development may come from the comprehension and practice of religion and the pursuit of what is good.

Whoever has understanding of an art and practices it is educated in a measure, and the same is true of whoever has understanding of religion and practices that. Religion mainly educates the spirit, but it also does much for the mind. It makes people think, and that is excellent mental exercise.

Afflictions abound in this world be-

cause so many people have knowledge without taste or religion, or have taste without knowledge or religion, or have religion without knowledge or taste. Knowledge, taste and religion are all doors to truth. Happy is he who has keys to all of them.

"CONGRESS voted unanimously on a measure for once in its history."

"When?"

"On the bill which exempted members of Congress from the income tax."

The Joy of Giving and Helping



MICHELLE KIRSCH, BABY
1356, AND HER MOTHER

The pupils of the Janes-Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio. 5
"Marine," Washington, D. C. 1
A. B. Meservy, Hanover, N. H. 3
Anonymous, Brookline, Mass. 22
Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Gile, Mayaguez, Porto Rico. 13.50
M. Herton, Duluth, Minn. 1.50
Eunice Stebbins, Omaha, Neb. 2
Florence Fitzpatrick, Powderville, Mont. 5

\$924.25

The main fund, which provides seventy-three dollars apiece for the two years' maintenance with its mother of an orphaned French baby, goes bravely on. For it we have received \$138,663.69, from which we have remitted to Paris 791,084.95 francs. With gratitude for the mothers and babies we acknowledge from

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maloy Anderson, Hanover, N. H., for Baby No. 1868. \$73
Mrs. William I. Spicer, Noank, Conn., for Baby No. 1869. 73
W. J. Andrus, Aragon, New Mexico, for Baby No. 1870. 73
Miss Caroline R. Wing, Bangor, Me., for Baby No. 1872. 73
Mrs. C. H. Benedict, Lake Linden, Mich., for Baby No. 1874. 73
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bennett, Phoenix, Ariz., for Baby No. 1875. 73
Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. F. Randolph, New York City, for Baby No. 1876. 73
William S. Ford, Washington, C. H., Ohio, for Baby No. 1877. 73
John M. Gracie, Little Rock, Ark., for Baby No. 1880. 73
Mrs. William P. Howell, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1882. 73
Leon Theunissen, Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 1883. 73
The Shakespeare Club of Bangor, Maine, for Baby No. 1885. 73
G. W. Chandler, Jr., San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1886. 73
"The A. C. M. Fund," New York City, for Baby No. 1887. 73
Anonymous, Brookline, Mass., for Baby No. 1889. 73
Caroline G. Tallman and Helen Tallman, Wheeling, W. Va., for Babies Nos. 1890 and 1891. 146



LEONIE BERTHIEVAS,
BABY 248

Ethical Culture School, by Miss Rhoda H. Todd, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1867. 6
Miss Lizette Ward, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1871. 3
Miss Lila C. Hedges and Margaret C. Underwood, Haverstraw, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 1873. 39.50
Miss Gail Curtis, Lansing, Mich., on account of Baby No. 1879. 45
The Foraker Bridge Club, New York City, on account of Baby No. 1881. 14
Florence Glenn, Jr., Hollins, Va., on account of Baby No. 149. 30

BABY NUMBER 1860

Already acknowledged \$15.81
The men in Hodge's Drug Store, Greenwood, S. C. 29
J. W. Sproles, Greenwood, S. C. 3
Mrs. Wm. Eisenstadt, Chicago, Ill. 4
"A Mother," South Orange, N. J. 5
N. A. C. Amarillo, Texas. 5
Mrs. R. L. Drane, Tucson, Ariz. 2
Anonymous, Sanitarium, Cal. 3
Florence A. Warner, Phelps, N. Y. 5
May W. Van Meter, Lexington, Ky. 1.19

BABY NUMBER 1884

May W. Van Meter, Lexington, Ky. \$0.50



THE BOYER FAMILY WITH JEANNE,
BABY 1576

Florence E. Curtis, Clinton, Iowa. 36
Mrs. Geo. J. Lambertson, Franklin, Pa. 36.50

\$73

BABY NUMBER 1888

May W. Van Meter, Lexington, Ky. \$0.31
Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Gile, Mayaguez, Porto Rico. 36.50
Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Centre, Mass. 6
Miss Adele Schmitz, St. Louis, Mo. 25
Lawrence and Charity Green, Fort Erie, Ontario.75

\$68.56

In this list are printed first the numbers and names of the babies. These are followed by the names of the contributors to whom they are assigned.

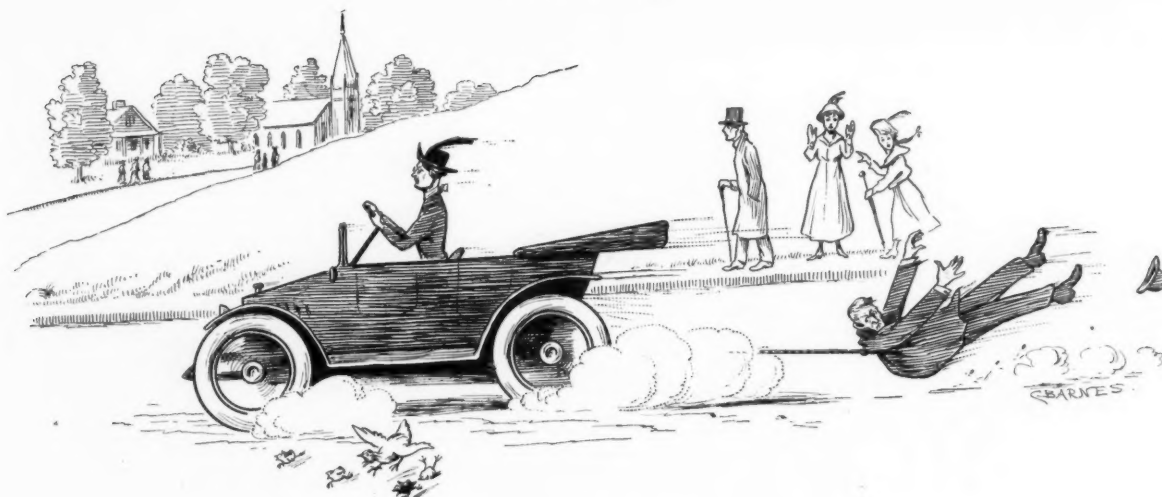
1689. Andrée Labussière. Madeline Lynch.
1704. Gaston Lacassagne. "G. S. L."
1735. André Lacroix. W. T. Sloper.
1776. Marie-Louise Lagat. The American Club of Havana.
1771. Henriette Lafamme. Mary Elizabeth Godfrey.
1735. Paul Henri Lagnoux. Stephen Fairbanks.
1799. Charles Lallemand. C. E. W. G.
1682. Marie Lamaze. Mrs. Thomas Cunningham.
1744. Jean Francois Lanlo. Mrs. Henry A. Kimball.
1695. Simone Lanoir. N. O. Nelson.
1694. Albert Lappart. J. S. Todd.
1780. Hélène Lassemblee. J. Henry Meyer.
1696. Yvonne Lavier. Grandin Milling Co.
1683. Denise Leblanc. Elizabeth and Isabelle Baird.
1739. Jean Le Borgne. G. Shell Harrah.
1729. Georgette Le Cam. The Thimble Club.
1749. Anna Le Du. H. E. H.
1789. Joseph Le Du. Miss E. D. Mertz.
Miss Jean Bennet, Miss A. H. and Mrs. Bessie E. Harris.
1648. Marie Le Duff. Mrs. J. S. Douglas.
1649. Anne Le Duff. Mrs. J. S. Douglas.
1650. Robert Legay. Mrs. J. S. Douglas.
1758. Maurice Le Moan. Cragmere Woman's Civic Club.
1740. Yvonne Leopold. Mrs. J. W. Reynolds.
1727. Maurice Le Roux. Edw. J. Pfeider.
1787. Alphonse Le Roy. Annie Palmer Fund.
1738. Simone Lesuretel. Winifred Morris.
1795. Paul Malignon. Mrs. F. P. Cutting.
1726. Maurice Manach. N. O. Nelson.
1730. Eugène Mansuy. Riggs, Rossman & Hunter, Inc.
1737. Madeleine Martin. Nellie M. Fowler.
(Continued on page 894)

· LIFE ·



TIME, 1.30 A. M.

EX-ACTOR, NOW MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM FOUR OLD COMRADES



"SHE JUST HAD TO DRAG HER HUSBAND TO CHURCH"

A Successful Welding

In peace time our peoples will be welded still more firmly by the work of Kultur.—*The Kaiser to the Sultan of Turkey.*

PEACE brooded o'er the earth:

A Prussian met a Turk:

"Let's weld ourselves," the Prussian said,

"By stepping out with fearless tread
On Kultur's noble work."

"Gladly!" the Turk replied.

"How shall we make a start?—

By killing maids with two-edged knives,

Or fouling helpless workmen's wives,
Or pulling babes apart?"

The Prussian gaily smiled.

"I do not care," said he.

"We might burn down a church or two,

Or hunt for schools and bomb a few;
It's all the same to me!"

Thereat these kindred souls

Engaged in Kultur's work,
And ceased so bloodied and unclean
That there was naught to choose between

The Prussian and the Turk.

K. L. R.

MR. HEARST ought never to sign his editorials with initials only. It would be very easy to mistake them for *Wilhelm Rex Hohenzollern*.

German Thieves and Belgian Art

THE *Evening Post* speaks of the very thorough clean-up of objects of art in Antwerp and Brussels by the Germans, and of the report that the museums in those cities have been emptied by the Kaiser's agents for the benefit of Berlin. Berlin, it seems, is to be made a world art centre, and tourists will have to go there to see Rubens' "Descent from the Cross."

Maybe! The rescue of the German loot is a complicated problem. But there will be a descent from the cross in Belgium presently that Rubens did not paint, and it will be worth seeing, but not enjoyable by Germans.

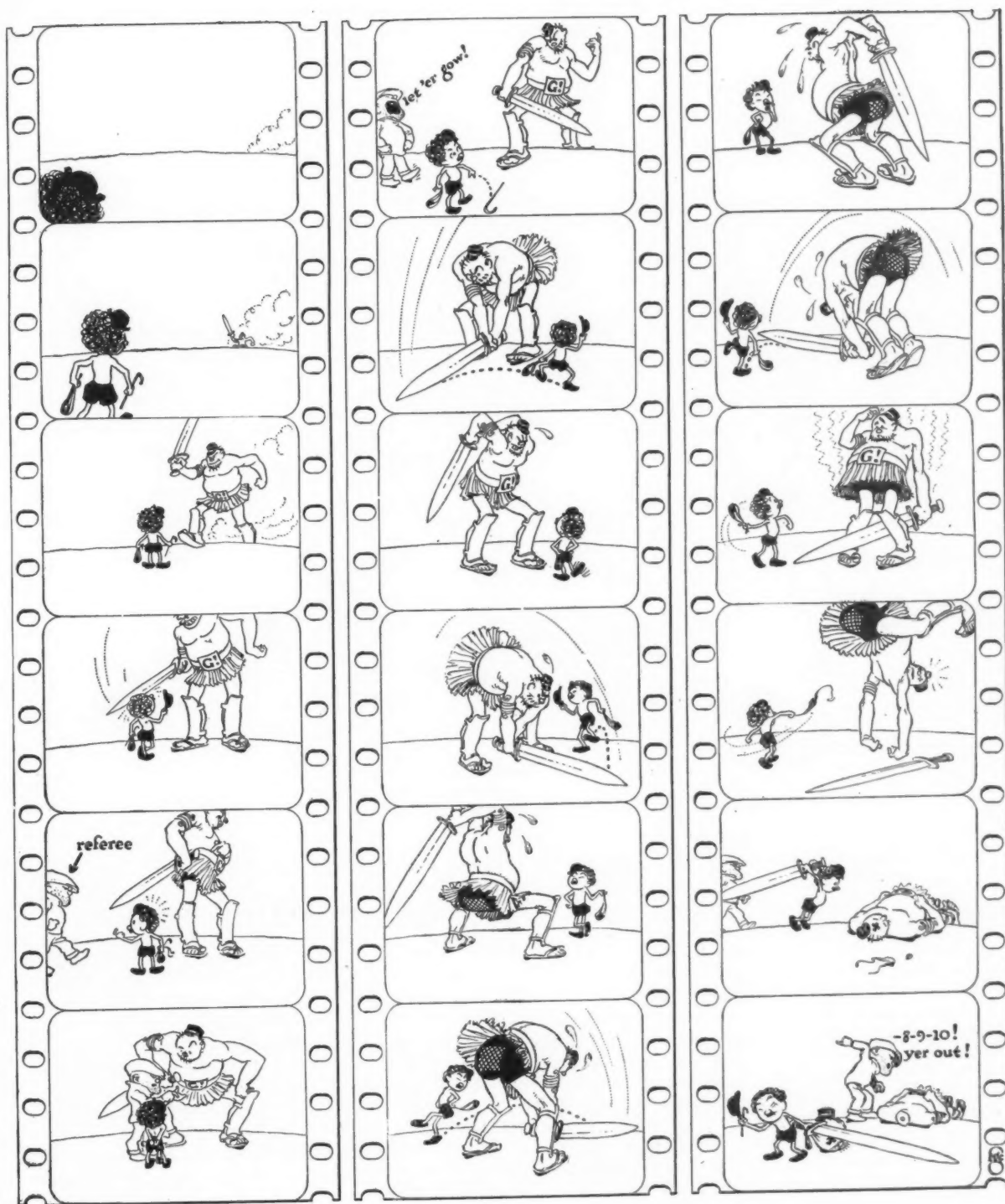
WIFE: This year you must tell me just what you are going to give me for Christmas.

HUSBAND: But how do I know what you have decided upon?



Private Rabbit: SO MR. POLE-CAT IS THE RANKING OFFICER.

Private Coon: YES, THE RANKEST.



DAVID AND GOLIATH DO IT FOR THE MOVIES



THE FASHION MODEL COMES IN TO GET MEASURED FOR THE DRAFT

Is the Money Theirs or the Children's?

HOW would you like to die and have your estate, as a sacred trust, come into the hands of

DAVID H. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut;

DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut;

Dr. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and certain relatives and employees of Mr. Miller?

These gentlemen hold, as trustees, three hundred shares of the stock of the Gilbert Manufacturing Company, bequeathed in the will of the late Edwin Gilbert with the following explicit instructions: "The income and dividends thereof to be used for the maintenance of the work carried on at LIFE's Farm."

When Mr. Gilbert died he was familiar with and interested in the work carried on by LIFE's Fresh Air Fund at the farm in Branchville, to which the bequest refers.

Something over ten thousand dollars in the way of

"income and dividends" has accumulated from the stock since 1910. The trustees have been repeatedly asked to give up this money for the use to which Mr. Gilbert wished it to be applied. Under the Connecticut law they don't have to give it up.

The money is needed to safeguard the health and lives of the children at the farm by improved sanitation, fire-proofing and less crowded dormitories.

The gentlemen named above act as though the money was left to them personally and for their own benefit instead of to help poor children.

It seems to be a combined case of God helps those who help themselves, and the Devil take the hindmost.

And the moral is that, when we die, we should be careful about choosing the trustees who are to carry out our charitable intentions.

This is particularly true if the dying is to be done in Connecticut.

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Who?

WHO, when my country had to fight,
Gassed like a geyser day and night,
To Kaiser William's great delight?
La Follette!

Who, when the world was full of tears
And Liberty was dark with fears,
Chilled every heart with gibes and
jeers?
La Follette!

Who, when the Hosts of Crime held
sway,
With Freedom's very self at bay,
Who dared applaud their Devil's play?
La Follette!

Who wasted Time when Time was all
We had to meet the righteous call
To stay the Hun's High Carnival?
La Follette!

Who yet must pay the penalty
The Fates reserve for such as he
If any God of Right there be?
La Follette!

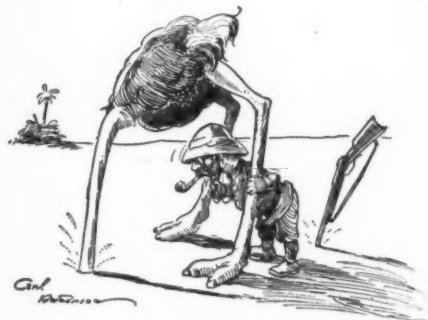
J. K. B.

War's End

SOME obdurate people insist upon expecting an early end to the war. Sidney Webb, political economist of London, reminds people there that peace, when it comes, will come suddenly and unexpectedly. Sir George Reid, lately premier of Australia, who lectured in New York on November 7th, said the men at the front are much more sanguine than those at home, and that he had heard a general at the front predict that the war would end so soon "that I shall not even mention it."

The general quoted spoke before the Italian set-back. Nevertheless, feelings at the front are interesting.

IT makes a queer combination when a man with a "yellow streak" is "called to the colors."



NATURE NOTES

OSTRICHES HAVE THE REPUTATION OF BEING PEEPING TOMS, AND THEY OFTEN POKE THEIR HEADS IN THE SAND TO SEE WHAT THE WORMS ARE DOING.

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You



Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel—send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-three years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 65,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations

You see, I know fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishermen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the right way, has been my life's job.

Such a Good Breakfast!

A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown; some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.



Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy, and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay only for net weight. No heads and no tails. Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, all charges prepaid, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you are pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me \$3.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers.

Remember: Meat, flour, potatoes, everything has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them. Mail the coupon now with your business card, letter-head or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.
301 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.
301 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel—to contain 10 fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people. I agree to remit \$3.90 in ten days or return the fish.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Beginning Early

"Dad," said the little maid of twelve summers, "every morning when I am going to school the boys catch hold of me and kiss me."

"Well, Ethel," replied dad, looking over his newspaper, "why don't you run away from them?"

Ethel fidgeted and cast her eyes down on the carpet.

"I did one morning," she said hesitatingly, "and they—they didn't chase me!"

—Tit-Bits.

Not Luxuries

JONES (as he treads on a tack): I wish you wouldn't be so careless in throwing tacks about, Mary.

MRS JONES (placidly): Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day. I can buy a whole package of tacks for a penny.—Harper's Magazine.



First Spook: GOT A MATCH?

"YES, BUT NOTHING TO SCRATCH IT ON."

A Great Revenge

Little Gertrude had been very naughty, and had been severely slapped, first by nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose with a determined look upon her little face and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell all the family secrets to the neighbors," said the child firmly.

—London Opinion.

Cheap

NELL: I stopped in at a bargain sale to-day.

BELLE: Did you see anything that looked cheap?

NELL: Yes; several men waiting for their wives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He (proposing in a taxi): Say yes, darling.

SHE: Give me time to think.

He: Yes; but, good heavens! not in here.—Dallas News.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA.

Excellent place to spend
the Winter months

3 Splendid Hotels

The CAROLINA—Now Open

NOWHERE in the South is golf so enjoyable, from November to May. 3 wonderful 18-holes courses and one of 9 holes—*Horse Racing*, on an excellent track, no mud, best stables in the South—*Tennis*, splendid clay courts—*Trap Shooting*, best equipment in the South—*Motoring*, good roads in every direction—*Rifle Range*, in charge of Annie Oakley.

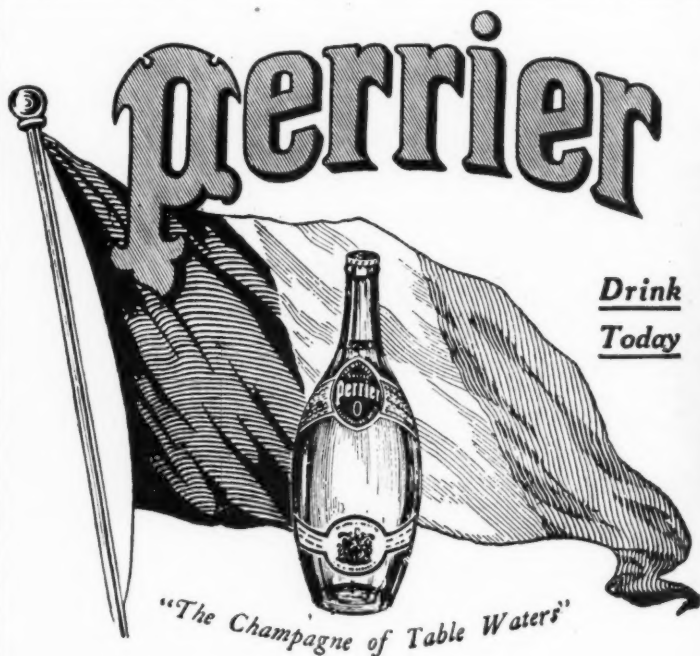
No consumptives received.

An excellent school for boys
near Pinehurst.

Write for Booklet

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Pinehurst, N. C.

or
Leonard Tufts
282 Congress Street
Boston, Mass.



Drink
Today

"The Champagne of Table Waters"

SENT YOU FROM FRANCE

Sold Everywhere

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Who He Was

"HELLO! Who is this gentleman?"
 "Why, don't you recognize him?"
 He is an American cotton grower. But of course you wouldn't know him, because he is grown so prosperous."

"And how, pray, did this happen?"
 "Dear me! Don't you know? The price of cotton has gone up."

"Yes, yes, I know that; but hasn't this gentleman had to pay something to the government?"

"Not that we are aware of."

"How singular. He is an exception, isn't he?"

"So it would seem. Steel and coal and railroads and copper and everything else has had to pay something to the government. But this gentleman hasn't had to do it."

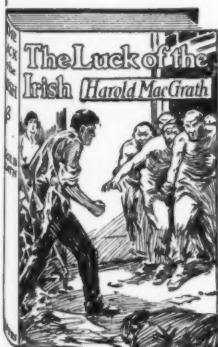
"I wonder why. Doesn't anyone know?"

"I don't think anyone really knows, but a number of people suspect. Can't you guess?"

"Let me see—Oh, yes. Why, the gentleman is from the South. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"Don't blame yourself. There are so many things to think of just at present that a little thing like this may escape the minds of a whole lot of people."

A Novel of Mystery and Adventure by HAROLD MacGRATH



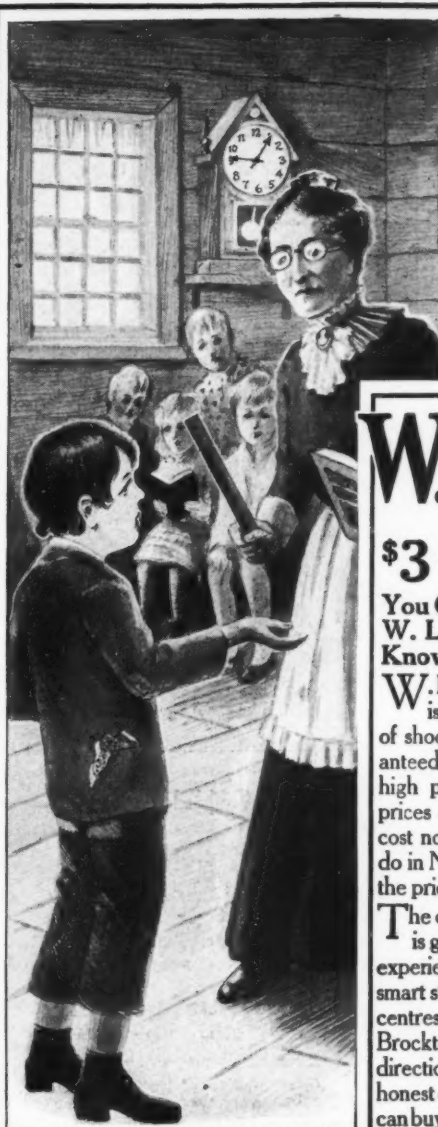
The Luck of The Irish

The man who can tell a story that takes you out of yourself into the regions of adventure where you would like to go if you were free, and makes the hero do what you would like to do if you were a hero yourself is a public benefactor. MacGrath passes this test in his new novel with flying colors. From New York to Singapore, the luck of the Irish leads the hero into thrilling situations.

Frontispiece. \$1.40

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817

BELL-ANS
 Absolutely Removes
 Indigestion. One package
 proves it. 25c at all druggists.



W. L. Douglas was permitted to attend school while "bound out" to his uncle, only for short periods during the winter months when there were slack spells in the work. Many a morning he was obliged to work so late that it was necessary for him to run all the way to school, a distance of two miles, and not infrequently he had to pay the penalty for being tardy, through no fault of his own.

CAUTION—Be sure the price stamped on the bottom has not been erased or raised.

Copyright, W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.



W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8

You Can Save Money by Wearing
 W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best
 Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. **BEWARE OF FRAUD.** None genuine unless W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE**

For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make. Write for booklet, showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas President
 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
 147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

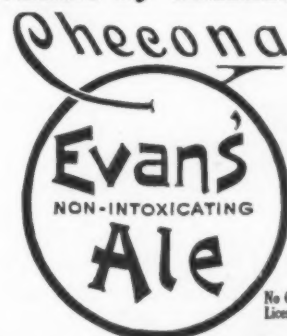
One Good Job Done

ONE of the most satisfactory results of election is reported from Massachusetts, where the constitutional amendment providing that no private institution should receive state aid was carried by a satisfactory plurality.

The amendment was worked out in the constitutional convention, many Roman Catholics supporting it, and was intended, among other things, to dispose of the question of state aid for the parochial schools.

After the convention adjourned Cardinal O'Connell started a campaign against this amendment, but prominent Catholics continued to support it, and its adoption is felt to make for religious peace in Massachusetts.

You can be a Food Conserver without feeling any deprivation by drinking



A wholesome, nourishing, sustaining and satisfying beverage.

Ask Your Grocer, Druggist or Dealer.
 C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Too Long a Shot

A famous jockey was taken suddenly ill, and the trainer advised him to visit a doctor in the town.

"He'll put you right in a jiffy," he said.

The same evening he found Benjamin lying curled up in the stables, kicking his legs about in agony.

"Hello, Benny! Haven't you been to the doctor?"

"Yes."

"Well, didn't he do you any good?"

"I didn't go in. When I got to his house there was a brass plate on his door—'Dr. Kurem. Ten to one'—I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that!"—*London Opinion.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

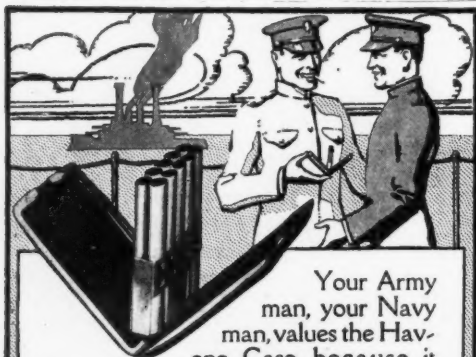
Quite Right

"Pop," inquired little Clarence Lilywhite, "what am a millennium?"

"Sho," said his parent, "doan' yo' know what a millennium am, chile? It's jes' about de same as a centennial, on'y it's got mo' legs."—*Illustrated World.*

PROF.: Does the moon affect the tide?
CO-ED: No, sir, merely the untied.

—*Stanford Chaparral.*



Your Army man, your Navy man, values the Havone Case because it keeps his cigarettes in well-ordered ranks, white, clean, unmussed and unfumbled.

The Havone Case springs open at a touch on the little cap, and it is as easily filled as an ordinary case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in heavy Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling and 14K Gold. The silver-plated cases at \$5 are especially popular.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$5 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate send us your name on a postcard for one of our illustrated catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION
21-23 Maiden Lane, New York

Look for the Havone mark stamped inside the case

HAVONE

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

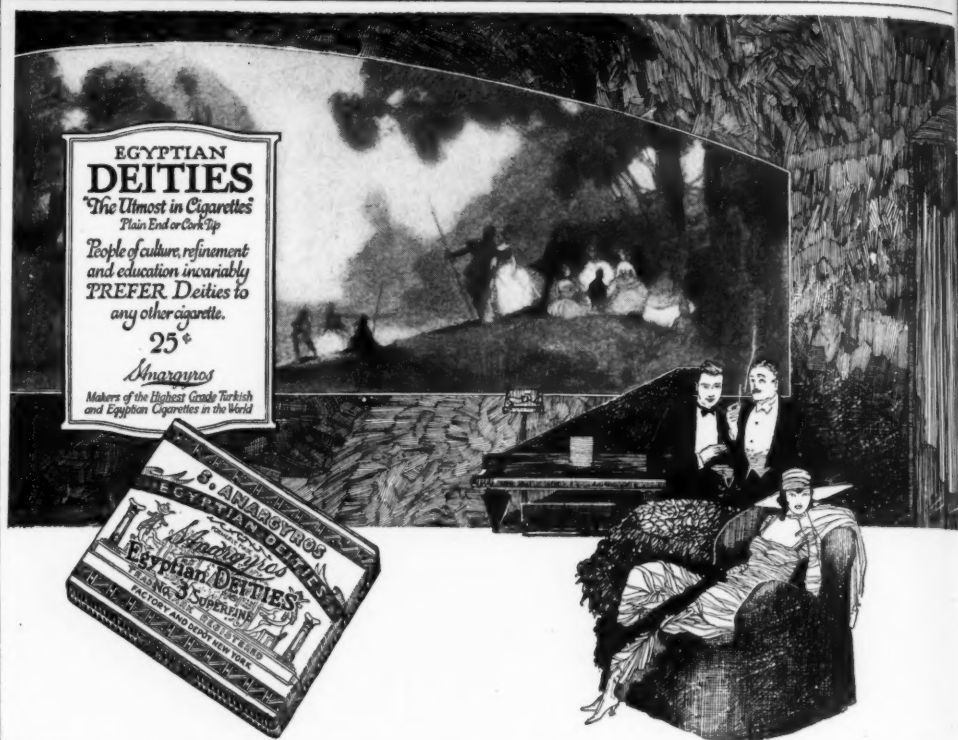
The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagynos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



He Wobbled

"Come out to our place to dinner to-night," said the banker.

"I'll be glad to," said his friend.

"Our girl," said the banker, "is studying music—"

"Oh, that reminds me. I've a very important engagement for to-night. Sorry, old man, but I can't come."

"Can't you? Too bad! Our oldest girl, as I was saying, is studying music in Chicago, and we're awfully lonesome evenings."

"Oh, I'll cut that engagement and come anyway."—*Youth's Companion.*

"LISTEN to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some of the old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners."

"Gracious, John," exclaimed Mrs. Stubb, with a smile, "them's what they call hardened criminals, I expect."

—*Tit-Bits.*

"WHAT makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience troubling you?"

"No, it's my winter underwear."

—*Gargoyle.*

TITANIA, queen of the fairies, was in a quandary about what she would give Oberon for Christmas. She sent for The-Fairy-Who-Does-Things, who, without leaving the spot, ordered LIFE to be sent to Oberon for a year, thus solving the queen's perplexity and insuring Oberon fifty-two consecutive jolts of joy.

Soothing

"Do you know," said the first member, "that I picked up Borum's book last night and that I never budged out of my chair until four o'clock this morning!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the second member, "was it that interesting?"

"No, but I didn't wake until that hour."—*The Lamb.*

STALL'S BOOKS

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG HUSBAND OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG GIRL OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW	WHAT A YOUNG MOTHER OUGHT TO KNOW
STALL	STALL	STALL	STALL	STALL	STALL	STALL	STALL
PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net	PRICE \$1.00 Net

READ BY MILLIONS BECAUSE THEY TELL OF SEX SUBJECTS WITHOUT MEDICAL TERMS

AT ALL BOOK SHOPS OR FROM
VIR PUB. CO., 439 CHURCH ST., 15 & RACE, PHILA., PA.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE." It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old.

The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write For Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tellshow and why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over a quarter of a million sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 770, Perry Bldg., Phila.

Clacquot Club

(Pronounced Klee-ko)

GINGER ALE



CLACQUOT CLUB GINGER ALE contains no cereal or grain products needed by our government or its allies. You can enjoy its delicious flavor and its snappy effervescence with a clear conscience.

Always have a case of Clacquot Club Ginger Ale in your home. Your grocer has it.

The Clacquot Club Company
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



"JEFFREY, YOU'VE BEEN EATING CLOVES AGAIN; BUT IT'S NO USE.
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME WITH ANY OF YOUR CAMOUFLAGE"

Why You Think Hollenden When You Say Cleveland

Thirty years ago The Hollenden was a good hotel.

In every year between then and now The Hollenden has been made better, by renovation, new additions, improvements and the steady insistence upon everything that is best.

It is the only hotel in the city that combines tradition and novelty—that exhibits the stability of maturity with the freshness of youth—that has had a natural, vital growth with the progress of the social and business life of the community—that knows how to do things well because it has been doing them well for a long time.

European Plan with Bath:
For One Person, \$2 to \$5
For Two Persons, \$3 to \$6
With Twin Beds, \$4 to \$6
Suites at various prices.

The Hollenden Cleveland

Net \$1.50



Net \$1.50

Youth soars on wings which are invisible
to the eyes of Age.

Wings of fancy are changed into wings
of steel in

DROWSY

by **JOHN AMES MITCHELL**. A novel
more amazing than "Amos Judd" or
"The Pines of Lory".

On sale at all Bookshops. **STOKES, Publisher.**

The Beautiful Zone System

IF A RAILROAD company carries a man from Chicago to St. Louis, it charges him a certain sum of money. If it carries him from Chicago to Denver it charges him a much larger sum of money.

This is quite right. It costs the company much more to carry a man from Chicago to Denver than from Chicago to St. Louis.

The express companies charge considerably more to carry the same package from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to St. Paul, Minnesota, than from Tulsa to Lincoln, Nebraska.

Also quite right, because the express companies' charges are based on the railway companies' charges.

For three cents—in peace times, two cents—the simple-minded United States Government will carry a letter between any two points in its dominions, no matter how close they may be together or how far apart. Three cents for the long haul and three cents for the short haul. Three cents from San Francisco to Bangor. Three cents from New York to Brooklyn.

The railways are not so simple-minded. They charge the government vastly more for the long haul of its bags of letters than for the short haul. But the government charges three cents a letter whether the haul is long or short.

Absurd, isn't it?

It wasn't always so. In the early days of postal communication there used to be something the same difference in rates as that now in use by the railway and express companies.

Then the men who made up the government changed the system of postal charges and established the present absurd and wasteful practice of charging a uniform rate, no matter how long or short the distance the letter had to be carried.

They argued something like this:

"This is a big country and a country of great distances. But it is *one* country. For the safety of the government, for the prosperity and happiness of the people, they should be knit together as closely as possible in knowledge and thought.

"Those who have had the courage to go 'out into the wilds of the West as pioneers should not be cut off from the civilization they leave behind. For the good of trade and commerce the business interests of all sections should be in close communication.

"Therefore, to keep this people united in the matter of the interchange of ideas and information, we will in one respect cut out distance and bring all the people closer together. We will not make life harder by penalizing those who are far apart. Hence the uniform rate of letter postage that has been a benefit to all of us and a tremendous factor in our national prosperity."

These were the men who made the government when constituencies sent to Congress men of character, brains and vision. They could see that, even if the post-office lost money by not charging more for the long haul of letters than for the short haul, the whole country would be the gainer in development, prosperity and the happiness of its people.

At first the postal rates for letters were very high. Every time the uniform rate has been reduced there has been a stimulation in receipts, and the post-office has become the only self-sustaining branch of the government.

This government has never lost money by liberality in postal rates. The indirect profit it gives to the government and to all the people is tremendous and cannot be estimated.

The free government of the United States is based on the educated intelligence of its people. Those who founded it foresaw the value of education, and provided for its spread. No country is so jealous of the education of all its people, and none has provided for it so generously.

In all legislation, general and local, there have been safeguards thrown about a free and unhampered press.

Not only have publications been encouraged for their educational value, but statesmen who were patriots have encouraged the press as our government's best protection against usurpation and corruption.

The free dissemination of news, ideas and opinions is necessary to the unity of the people of the United States. The general circulation of printed matter is the best prevention of sectionalism and the misunderstandings and bitterness that sectionalism creates.

Until very recently the whole policy of the American government has been to encourage the freest and widest circulation of printed matter. It has discriminated in its favor in postal rates on the theory that any loss which might accrue was far more than offset in educational value and in binding together in common interests all the widely scattered people of the country.

Statesmen and patriots have recognized that, with all the evils and shortcomings of an unrestricted press, its benefits were far greater. Politicians use it when they can, but underneath their hides they have a dread and sneaking hatred of it.

In the present Congress, which reassembles in December, this feeling was able for the first time in the history of the United States to assert itself in the form of a paralyzing blow at the circulation of publications through the mails.

Not as a war tax, but on the ground of economy, a scale of postal charges was adopted for publications which in the case of many periodicals amounts practically to confiscation.

It also imposes on the Post-Office Department an expense for handling and collection which will offset the increase in revenue.

The change which goes into effect next year, unless an enlightened public opinion causes a repeal of the law, means an abandonment of the uniform rate and a reversion to the discredited system of different rates for different distances.

It is called the Zone System, and provides that publishers must pay seven different rates, depending upon the distance the reader lives from the office of publication.

The politicians who inserted this entirely foreign provision into the revenue law (for whose passage the country was clamoring) were crafty enough to disarm the publishers of the daily press by appealing to their selfish interests. The new law was made to bear very lightly on publishers of this class. Their turn will come next.

The direct effect of the law will be a heavy impost on reading matter sent from the great publishing centres of the East to citizens of the Middle West and the Pacific States. It means also delay through the necessity of classifying printed matter, usually handled with the utmost expedition, to meet the requirements of the post-office in fixing rates for the different zones.

Many Americans know the complications due to the application of the bungling zone system to the parcels post. These complications in shipment will be far more perplexing and immensely expensive to the publishers of the great periodicals.

Their share of the losses and vexations the publishers will meet with what fortitude they can.

The worst feature of the law is that, so far as his reading goes, it makes the American who lives in one part of his country a different American from one who lives in another part. In our reading we are to be not American citizens, but citizens of seven different zones.

The opposition of the publishers to this law is not to an increase of rate nor to a tax on account of the war. They would willingly submit to a reasonable uniform increase in the pound rate if it is needed for the postal revenues. The periodicals show for themselves what the publishers are doing to uphold the hands of the government at war.

They would not resent a simple law placing an excess rate on all advertising carried over a certain proportion to the amount of text.

They do protest, though, against an imposition of expense limiting their growth and power for the good of the people, particularly as the imposition is created by a law demanded by no public opinion and made law only by political trickery.



Mme. Petrova—a new Ladies' World contributor

You will get double enjoyment from seeing Petrova Pictures if you read the story versions in *The Ladies' World*. The stories are published at the same

time the pictures appear on the screen. Madame Petrova will also contribute to this magazine a series of helpful articles on dramatic poise and expression.

Petrova Pictures appear in

THE LADIES' WORLD

TEN CENTS AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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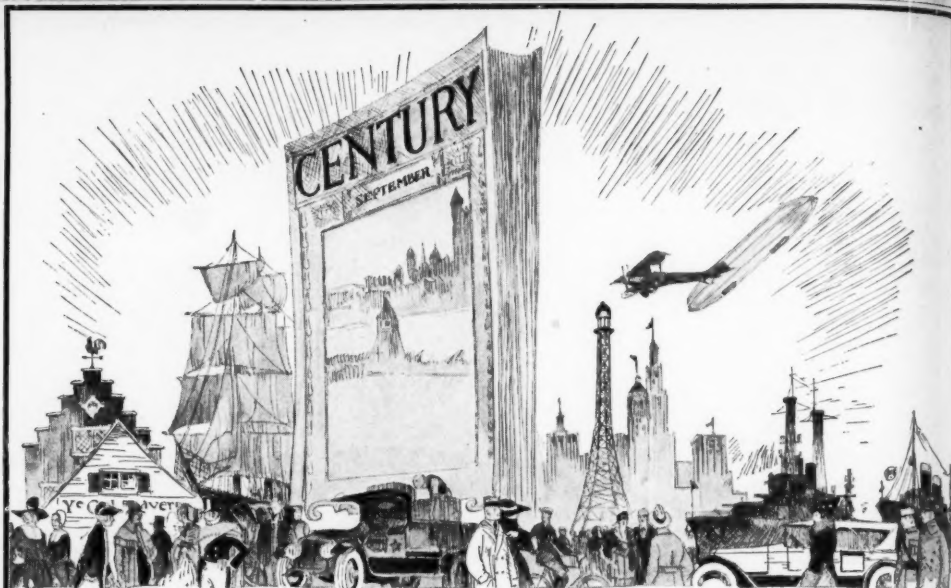
that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE

French Babies

(Continued from page 882)

1784. Pierre Warin. M. Joyce.
1657. Paule Weuster. Several contributors.
1757. Marie Milin. Several contributors.
1751. Marguerite Millasson. Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke.
1752. Pierre Millasson. Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke.
1618. Georges Miquel. Miss Sara G. Verity.
1622. Raymond Miquel. Mrs. Geo. M. Verity.
1708. Henry Mittler. E. N., 2d.
1707. Mauricette Montégut. Mr. and Mrs. H. Lazare.
1705. Gabriel Morellec. J. A. Mitchell.
1670. Emmanuel Morellec. A Maryland Farmer.
1742. Andrée Moret. "M. J. B." and "J. A. F."
1676. Yves Morice. W. Phelps Warren, 3d.
1634. Augustin Nastan. H. N. Wood.
1635. Roger Nastan. H. N. Wood.
1625. Albert Odian. Marie R., Elizabeth S. and Eleanor Cummings.
1741. Jeanne Oget. Bertha Case.
1709. Marcel Onfroy. Harry Cameron.
1760. Jeanne Page. Miss Ada Carman.
1748. Marcelle Paillard. A Toxen Worm.
1764. Jeanne Pautel. The Junior Red Cross of the Philippine Islands.
1750. Antoinette Peltingas. Nelson K. Crane.
1796. Alain Pennec. Chas. Wier.
1688. Jean Irvoas. The Cristobal Reading Club.
1699. Henri Jancour. Mrs. W. S. Charnley.
1788. Paulette Jantet. Several contributors.
1680. Jeanne Joly. Helen Chase Streeter.
1783. Simone Kerneau. Several contributors.
1678. Jeanne Krotchine. The Ladies of Sunset, Maine.
1698. Marcel Labet. Mrs. William Walker.

PSATTICHUS II was not only the greatest, but the wittiest of the Ptolemies of the Third Dynasty. When the queen mother's properly prepared remains were being placed in the royal pyramid, he exclaimed, "There goes my Mummy." This atrocious pun caused the court to laugh, but it must be remembered that it was perpetrated before he became a regular subscriber to *LIFE* and its refining influences.



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urious texture and thickness.

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A clock is provided in both the front and the rear compartments, and in the rear compartment there is a vanity case for madam on one side while on the other side is a smoking set with an electric cigar lighter.

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A floor heater and foot rest are provided.

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